

Pages from Hiccup's diary

by Wallflower-In-Narnia

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Humor

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup

Status: Completed

Published: 2011-10-18 04:01:43

Updated: 2011-12-27 00:12:20

Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:00:47

Rating: K

Chapters: 6

Words: 4,560

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: "Dad said he found my diary when he was moving around the furniture, looking for his axe. Turns out it was at the foot of his bed. Right where he left it." This is the way Hiccup sees things. Life through the talking fishbone's eyes told by yours truly!

1. Chapter 1

Dear Diary,

>Wow. I haven't written in you for ages. The last time I saw you, you were falling from my desk and down into a crack in the floor. Now, after about three years, you're back in my possession. Dad said he found you when he was moving around the furniture, looking for his axe. (Turns out it was at the foot of his bed. Right where he left it. Most Vikings tend NOT to use the glorious thing that Thor gave us called a BRAIN.) Let's just say, he wasn't exactly happy when I politely asked for it back. He told me that real men don't write in diaries. I told him it was a journal. He glared at me before telling me that this was why I didn't have any friends. I don't think that's quite the right reason. I draw, I read, I write, and to put it bluntly, I'm a walking stick figure. THAT'S why I'm the outcast. I'm different from the other Vikings. I prefer to keep to myself and not run around brandishing an axe and screaming battle cries at the top of my lungs. Now if I could LIFT and axe properly, things might be different. I hope that someday, people will accept for who I am and not the person that I should be: The fearless son of the mighty chief, Stoick the Vast. Yes, I know. It's hard to believe but the chief of our tribe, is my father. And what am I? I'm the skinny fishbone that get's thrown away and accidentallypurposely stepped on. (That was both figurative and literal by the way.) Usually, I sit in my room all afternoon alone. No one bothers to visit me. Not even my own father. He thinks that something is seriously wrong with me up in the brain department. I've created a few imaginary friends to keep me company (that proves nothing!) although they're not as good as real friends. More than anything, I just want friends to laugh with,

confide in, and to be there for me during the ups and downs. Please Thor. Please just give me one friend. That's all I want. I'll never ask for anything ever again if you could only give me a friend who could accept me for who I am. Pssssh, who am I kidding. That'll probabally never happen.

Sorry, my dad just came in to tell me that dinner will be ready soon so I had to frantically hide you because last time he saw me writing in you, he yelled,

>"REAL MEN DON'T WRITE IN STUPID BOOKS HICCUP! WE HUNT AND KILL!"

before proceeding to slam my door and leave me staring at the cracking door frame. (He slams things that hard. It's really quite terrifying actually.) I don't cry anymore. At least, I try really hard not to. (It's REALLY hard when you're me though.) Dad heard me once. It's not fun to have a sleepy, 7-foot Viking with a beard like a hedgehog struck by lightning stumble in your room only to find his 14 year old son curled up miserably in his bed and quietly sobbing into the pillow. He picked me up and carried me down the stairs and over to the door where I was sure he was going to chuck me out into the cold night but instead, he hung me by the back of the shirt on a hook where we hang our vests. He roared at me for a good 15 minutes before leaving me there all night. The next morning he asked me what I doing up there to which I answered,
"Oh, just being lazy. You know me. Always, 'hanging' around."

>I laughed at my pathetic joke as my dad pulled me violently down from the hook.
"In case you don't remember dad, you put me there?"

>"Hiccup, no stories please. It's too early in the morning."
I'm stuck in a house with a fruitcake with a brain the size of a pea. That said, after dinner I think I'll go outside and get some fresh air. I plan on staying in the woods though. I said something really nasty to Snotlout yesterday and sadly, I he's still out to kill. Luckily, it took him awhile to work out what I said, giving me enough time to make a break for it before I got any fatal injuries. Dinner's ready. Oh, I hope it's not burned tonight. My dad isn't the greatest cook. He's more of a 'lop its head of with an axe and serve it all bloody and gross' kinda guy. Gotta go. Great. It's eel. I've always hated eel...

-Hiccup H. H. III

2. Chapter 2

Dear Diary,

>I'm currently sitting alone in the blacksmith shop. Gobber told me to 'stay' like I was a dog but after noticing the look on my face, added 'put.' So, here I am, staying put. I think that Gobber just doesn't want to supervise me again after what happened last time. I was in the back working on one my inventions and something accidentally caught fire. Ok, so I may have knocked over a lamp but it wasn't my fault. Gobber put it there to begin with so he should be blamed, not me. Right? I've been called a clutz before which is definately an understatement. I drop almost everything and break nearly everything else. I'm supposed to be working on a dented axe blade but I seemed to have misplaced it... ah here it is! Wait, that's not an axe. I'm in trouble now. Give me a minute to look...<p>

Victory! I found the axe AND got it fixed and even sharpened. And

Gobber though I would screw everything up. He my friend, is playing a dangerous game with THE GREAT HICCUP HORRENDOUS THE THIRD! (It always makes me feel better to say that.) So now, I have the rest of the afternoon free. What am I supposed to do? Last time I tried practicing swinging an axe, I gave myself a bruise the size of a large walnut on my forehead. I'm NOT trying that again. Maybe I'll go wander around in the woods. Sound like a fun afternoon right? Ha. Not really. I know every inch of the woods like the back of my hand. That's how much exploring i've done in there. I even have a map drawn in my sketch book. (I hide you where I hide my other books but I won't say where in case someone happens to be reading this.) I guess I'll just go back to the house to get my vest...

Ok. Now that I'm finally alone, I can say this. So, there's this girl. She's really pretty and smart but she's really tough and she acts like I don't exist. Her name is Astrid. She's got blonde hair and really pretty blue eyes. If I talk to her, he either leaves, insults me and then leaves, or rolls her eyes at me and then guess what? She leaves. I hate myself for being the way I am. I mean seriously. What kind of Viking can't even talk to a girl let alone get a date? Obviously me. I tried to be like her and her other friends but that just doesn't work at all. In fact, it makes me look even more ridiculous. To make me feel better, i've written a few poems. Don't laugh. (Who am I kidding? You're a book. Books don't laugh. And look. I'm even talking to you like you're real. Books don't think either, Hiccup. And now I'm talking to myself. I'm NOT going crazy if that's what you're thinking.) What in Odin's name am I supposed to do? Forget it. Aside from that, wait, what was that? I just heard something in the bushes. It was probabally nothing. There it is again.

Oh gods. You're never going to believe this. I took out my tiny dagger (axes really don't work for me) and set you down only to discover that it was MY DAD SPYING ON ME! I thought he had better things to do. I started to yell at him.

>"What are you doing?" (I'm not a great yeller. I blame it on my yelling chord being defective from birth.)
"Who were you talking to?"

>My face must have gone bright red.
"No one."

>"Yes you were."
"Were not."

>My dad and I argue like six year olds.
"Hiccup, don't lie to me."

>"You had no right to be here."
My face felt like it was on fire.

>"What are you writing? It better not be that diary again."
"It's not and I would really appreciate it if you left. This is kind of my private thinking spot."

>"Fine. I'll go, but I worry deeply about you son."
Then, he left thank Thor. I sat down on my rock (I named it Hiccup's rock because I come here VERY often) and buried my face in my hands to think. I was going to have to be more careful. For starters, I had to try and not talk to myself so much. Only when I know for sure that I'm alone. (On one of your back pages, I made a list of stuff.) So, that's pretty much it for today. I'm cooking the dinner tonight and thankfully, I'm not thick enough to burn it. (Ahem. Dad.) And also, when I cook, it'll never be eel, I can tell you that. I guess I'll work out my Astrid problem eventually and maybe then my dad can stop worrying about me. But until that day comes, I remain yours respectfully, Hiccup the talking fishbone.

-Hiccup H.H. III

3. The List in the Back of the Diary

-Imaginary friends stay in my room and are not allowed out
-Conversations between my, myself, and I also stay in my room -Sketch
book and diary stay in my room -Check EVERYWHERE before doing one of
the above -Lying is ok in an emergency (i.e. one of the above is
discovered and/or heard)
>-Sarcasm must be used at all times to protect my secrets -Basically,
what happens in Hiccup's room STAYS in Hiccup's room <div>

4. Chapter 4

Dear Diary, No one is going to believe me. Absolutely no one. So, I
guess I'll tell you. I shot a dragon! But I didn't kill it. Instead,
I want to train it. Call me crazy. I'm sitting in the blacksmith shop
where I'm working on the dragon's new tail. Sorry. I'm getting ahead
of myself aren't I? Let me start from the beginning...

Three days ago, there was a dragon raid and I thought it would be the
perfect time to try out one of my new inventions. Gobber told me not
to touch anything, but seriously. Who listens to Gobber now days? I
wheeled my invention out onto the cliff and even in the dark, I shot
a Nightfury. It went down just over Raven Point. No one believed me.
Maybe because I had a Monstrosous Nightmare chase me down the hill
and burn a tower that went straight into the harbor and took out
several ships. It was an accident! They thought it was just like the
last times when I may have over exaggerated or only THOUGHT I had
seen a dragon. They blamed it on the fact that I had inhaled too much
smoke from all of the fires. It was true though! So, to prove my
point, I went to go look for my dragon. I found it...alive. I had
never killed a dragon before. As I was about to make my first and
hopefully final attempt (I had never realized how scary it was) I
looked into the dragon's glassy green eyes and saw that he was just
as scared as I was. So I did something incredibly stupid but I don't
regret it. I cut the dragon free. He was tied up from my doing so I
decided to help him. When he was free, he charged and pinned me up
against a rock. He gave a roar that just about broke my eardrums
altogether before lumbering back into the woods. When I stood, my
knees shook like jelly and I passed out right then and there. That
night, I told my father that I didn't want to kill dragons but it was
too late. Apparently, he had signed me up for dragon training. I told
him that I was really extra sure that I didn't want to kill dragons
but he didn't listen. He never listens. The next day at dragon
training was humiliating and Gobber told me that dragons will ALWAYS
go for the kill. So why didn't that Nightfury? I went back that
afternoon and found him. Something was seriously wrong with him
though. He couldn't fly. Then, I noticed that one of his tailfins was
gone. That had to have been from me. I felt instantly guilty. So, the
next day I came back with a shield, a fish, and the insane idea that
I could train this dragon. The shield got stuck inbetween two rocks
so I had nothing to protect me. I picked up the fish and inched
forward, looking for the dragon. It found me first. It growled and
stalked closer to me. I took my dagger from my belt and threw it on
the ground. The dragon didn't seem satisfied so I threw it into the
water. I held out the fish. It took it hungrily and I noticed that
the dragon had retractible teeth. "That's odd." I muttered.

>Then, the dragon did something disgusting. It made a sound like it was choking and then, half of the fish was spit out into my lap. The dragon looked expectantly at me. I looked at the fish and then back at him pleadingly. Reluctantly, I took a bite, planning to spit it out as soon as the dragon turned its back. That, however, did not happen. The dragon made a gulping noise in his throat. I brought myself to swallow, gagged, and forced it down. I smiled hesitantly and to my surprise, the dragon smiled back. Then, I made the mistake of trying to touch it. It growled at me and ran off, curling itself in a ball a short distance away. I followed and sat down next to him. He put up his one tailfin like a shield. I leaned forward as if I was about to touch him. He pulled his tail down and I got up quickly and walked away. I went over to a rock, picked up a stick in my left hand, and began to draw the dragon. Suddenly, the dragon appeared next to me, wondering what I was doing. Then, he was gone. I heard a loud snap and realized that the dragon wanted to draw too. He swirled the entire tree that he had just taken down through the dirt. I'm not sure, but I think he was trying to draw me. He nearly knocked me off of the rock when one of the tree's branches hit me in the back of my head. I stood up to look at the dragon's masterpiece. Lines snaked around the rock and through the dirt. He looked proud. I began to walk away, accidentally stepping on one of the lines as I did so. The dragon's ears flattened and he barred his teeth at me. I stepped off of the line. The dragon purred and smiled.. On the line. Teeth. Off the line. Purring. On the line. Teeth. Off the line. Purring. I tried this one more time before I began a sort of dance through the lines. My arms were outstretched and all of my focus was on the ground, watching the dizzying lines. I twirled and spun through the lines, dancing and feeling free until... I felt a hot breath on the back of my neck, ruffling my hair and giving me goosebumps. I turned to see the dragon looking at me. I tried to touch him again but he only grunted and looked away. I reached out my hand, my arm hanging in mid-air, waiting. Suddenly, I felt a cold nose pushed into its palm. I shivered and looked up, shocked. The dragon (which I decided to name Toothless) snorted and ran away as if to say,
"I don't know you and I must have been delirious to do such a thing."

>But that was good enough for me. Now, since that is out of my system, I have to hide this diary carefully and be EXTREMELY careful when I write in it. If anyone found out about what happened, I would be banished and Toothless would be killed. I can't let that happen. Not after he's just begun to trust me. I've been working hard on something that will enable Toothless to fly again but I'll have to tell you about that later. I just saw Gobber coming over the hill which barely gives me enough time to hide all of my materials that I'm using on the project and you, diary. I'll write again soon.<p>

-Hiccup H.H. III

5. Chapter 5

Dear Diary,

>Thor almighty. So, remember how I told you that I had named the dragon that I found Toothless? Well, Toothless and I have become great friends since then and I've even learned to fly him! I made a saddle and even a new tailfin for him so he can fly again. I made a harness for myself and after quite a few very unsuccessful test runs, I was finally able to get into the air and not have a near death experience. Gobber once told me that a downed dragon is a dead dragon

and I absolutely couldn't have that happen to Toothless. So, with the help of my inventing skills, the Nightfury is back in the sky. For the past few weeks, I've been making up lame excuses to get out of whatever I was doing at the time and sneaking off to ride him. It's the best feeling in the world. I finally have a friend. A friend who isn't there only when I need him but one who's there constantly. I just wish that I could bring him into the village but if I did, Toothless would get killed and I would be banished (as I mentioned earlier.) I'm currently sitting against his warm body, feeling it vibrate as he breathes. He's asleep and I'm sitting in a good five inches of snow (that was even AFTER I made myself a little nest) and writing. The snow is still falling and staining the pages but I don't care. I honestly can't remember a time when I've been this happy. I have everything that I could ever want right here on Berk. Strange, isn't it, how things change so quickly? I never, EVER, would have thought that I could be truly happy on this pathetic excuse for an island but here I am, leaning up against a huge Nightfury who hasn't tried to swallow me whole or bite my head off AND I got a new diary after Snotlout drenched my old one in a water trough. (The pages are still readable but they're so wrinkled that I can't write on them anymore.) This new diary is even nicer than the first. It's leather and I inscribed my name onto the front with a hot iron bar. Toothless tried to eat it at first, thinking that it was some kind of meat but he spit it out (thank Odin) after I yelled at him. Like I said, my yelling needs improvement because when I told him to drop it, my voice sort of cracked and did this high-pitch squeaky thing. Toothless started roaring which I think was his version of a laugh. And for the love of Thor, he was laughing hard I actually think he started crying. He laid down on the ground and rolled onto his back. It was really hard not to start laughing too. If anyone would have seen us, they would have thought I had completely lost it. I was clutching my side from laughing so hard and Toothless was on his back, feet in the air. Finally, he dropped the diary onto my head and a disgusting trail of slobber followed, all the way down my front. (Speaking of drool, a big glob just fell out of the side of his mouth and onto my head. Eww.) Anyways, the other day, Toothless and I were flying through some gentle snow when I saw Astrid on the beach below. I was glad that the clouds were so low because I had to pull up into them quick. She must have seen our shadow though because she looked up into the sky with a confused look on her face. Then, she ran after where she thought we had gone. Toothless and I doubled back and went the way we had come. Thank Thor she didn't see us or I would have been a dead man and there would have been a dead dragon next to me. After deciding that that didn't sound like fun at all, we flew back to the secret spot where Toothless lives. But, after the second and final close call like that, I've been being more careful. Take yesterday for instance. I misjudged where I was going since the clouds were so low and grey and ended up flying right over the village. I was so scared that someone would see us and I pulled up into the clouds as fast as I could. I just pray that no one saw us. So, I have to go now on account of the fact that Toothless just woke up and wants food. If I don't go now, he just might bite my head off from hunger. (He has to eat almost every hour or he makes this face at you and growls. He makes it look like he's starving to death. What a little punk, right?) Anyways, I'll write again as soon as I can but for now, I have to put down my pencil and go feed my whiny dragon.<p>

6. Chapter 6

Dear Diary,

>As I write, I'm holding a chunk of meat to my eye. Some of the blood is dripping onto your pages and the very thought makes me want to vomit. Very Viking like, huh? I know, I know. But, I have a nasty black eye so dad says that the meat has to stay. To tell you the truth, I don't know what I was doing that made Snotlout so mad but one second I was drawing and minding my own business and the next, his fist had collided with my face. Everyone gasped as I stood up, my hand pressed over my now throbbing eye. I wasn't bleeding but Astrid, (gods, why did she always have to see me hurt?) came over and gently removed my hand from my face to let me look into her axe to see my reflection. When I saw myself, I gasped in horror. Gingerly, I pushed my bangs away from my eye and saw that it was purple and blue from my eyebrow to my cheek bone. So, I ran. I didn't want anyone to see me cry so I ran into the woods- my only solitude on this crazy, messed up island. I didn't bother to stop and say hello to Toothless because I was in too much pain and the whole world seemed blurry. When I came to the river, I took off my shirt and dipped it into the icy stream. I placed the now freezing cold shirt onto my face and shivered. Pretty soon I was shaking all over but at least my eye had stopped throbbing. I had absolutely no intention what-so-ever to put my shirt back on so I pulled my vest on and went home. That was the only safe place I could think of where nothing seemed threatening (except my father of course, but he wasn't home at the time). When I got there, I tended to my eye some more but nothing changed much in the appearance or the feel. that night at dinner, I sat at one of the table and dad sat at the other. I looked down through out the entire meal. Finally, my father noticed and said,
"Son, look up."
>I did. Sort of. Well, only half way.
"More."
>Frantically, I began to pull and tug my bangs over my eye. When I thought I had done a good enough job, I slowly raised my head. Suddenly, my father began to clap. He went on clapping until he was out of his chair and giving me a standing ovation. He must have noticed the look on my face because all at once, he stopped and sat down.
"What was that for?" I asked, my tone sharper than I ment it to be. "You got your first black eye which means you were in a fight which means," he paused dramatically, "You are FINALLY showing some kind of Viking tendancies. And for that I couldn't be more proud."

>I sighed. This was going to be harder than I thought. But, at least my father was proud because in the end, that's all that counts... right? I was going to tell him the truth but I didn't want to be a disappointment. Again. So after a long story about how yes, I beat up some random kid, (and my dad actually believed me) snuck out of the house to go see Toothless. He sniffed my eye suspiciously.
"What?" I asked. "Haven't you ever gotten a black eye?"
>Stupid question. Toothless was black so even if he had gotten a black eye, it wouldn't have shown up anyways. I spent a good part of the night babbling on and on to him about my problems and he listened. When I finally got home, I was pretty tired and the next day, I could barely see out of my eye because it had swollen nearly shut. And so that's where I am today. Sitting at the table, writing, and holding a steak to my eye. Well, enough of this pity party. I have to go and hide you fast. I just saw dad coming up the hill and towards the house...<p>

-Hiccup H.H. III

End
file.